

Worn out notebook

by Foreverbound-Wolfie

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Summary: An old journal filled with varied stories. mostly one-shots or requests. Please message me if you have a request :3 I check around here every weekend or when I'm not busy.

Worn out notebook

REQUEST: Mmmmmh, what do you think about a rainy afternoon you and Saitou trapped under a cornice? Both of you have feelings for each other but you're too embarrassed to confess and you're in trouble being alone with him ^o^

Note: Ah... please enjoy .

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><p>Begin.</p>

* * *

><p>Dark clouds loom over Kyoto as a man clad in a black kimono, a white scarf wrapped loosely upon his shoulders, and indigo hair tied to the side strolled along the streets. Beside him is a feminine looking man just a bit shorter than him wearing a navy blue kimono, gray hakama and black hair tied into a ponytail.</p>

"I hope we get back before it rains." Brown eyes watch the sky as they move farther away from the compound.

"We should make haste. Don't stray from me." The taller walks a bit faster and the other had to lengthen her stride to keep up.

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><p>"Is it me or is this getting stronger?" Sapphire eyes glance towards his smaller companion as rain drizzled down on the briskly walking pair; the shopkeeper having taken too long to retrieve the

parcel.<p>

"It is. Can you run?" This was the better option if they wished to avoid getting drenched and sick. Moreover, he let his eyes upon the dark head to his left. He couldn't let her get sick. No matter how small it was, the help that she and Yukimura gave the Shinsengumi is invaluable.

"Hai." And with that they sped through the streets, going through alleys at times as a shortcut.

Rain now poured heavily and reaching their destination dry is near impossible at this moment; he took her hand and pulled her to the nearest building and fitted them both under the narrow roof not minding that he had pulled her straight into his arms.

"We should stay and wait for it to lessen." He let out a sigh of frustration due to the inconvenience. His companion remained stock still as he gazed at the sky, his thoughts seemingly far off from the situation.

She is thankful for this, him not minding her, since her cheeks have probably become the shade of cherry blossoms due to running and being suddenly pulled against him.

Brown eyes look up only to blink back and shake her head due to some rain water that fell in. This was the worst move she had made; for the young swordsman turned his attention to her and held her face up to his.

"I- I'm fine. Just a little rain." She tried to pry her chin away but he kept a firm hold if her.

"Are you running a fever?" he pressed his forehead against hers, further heating up her face. She shivers as he breathes out.

"N-no... it's just that you're too... I mean-I lo..." Her eyes dart away and he frowns lightly, wondering what she left out.

He was about to ask when he was made aware of her hand clutching his clothes by the waist. Pale cheeks start to flush as he realizes by the second how they were positioned.

His right arm firmly around her, his left cupping her face, him technically pinning-hugging her against a wall under the narrow roof, the both of them pressing against each other for warmth. Though the package was safe and dry in her other hand.

He apologizes but it only made the situation a bit more awkward... but somehow they also relished the moment. Embarrassed but grateful of the warmth they share

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><p>They arrive a few hours before dinner. She hands him the parcel to take to the vice-commander and then left to help with making dinner; a small smile graces her lips.<p>

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><p>End.</p>

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><p>Thank you for reading.</p>

End
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